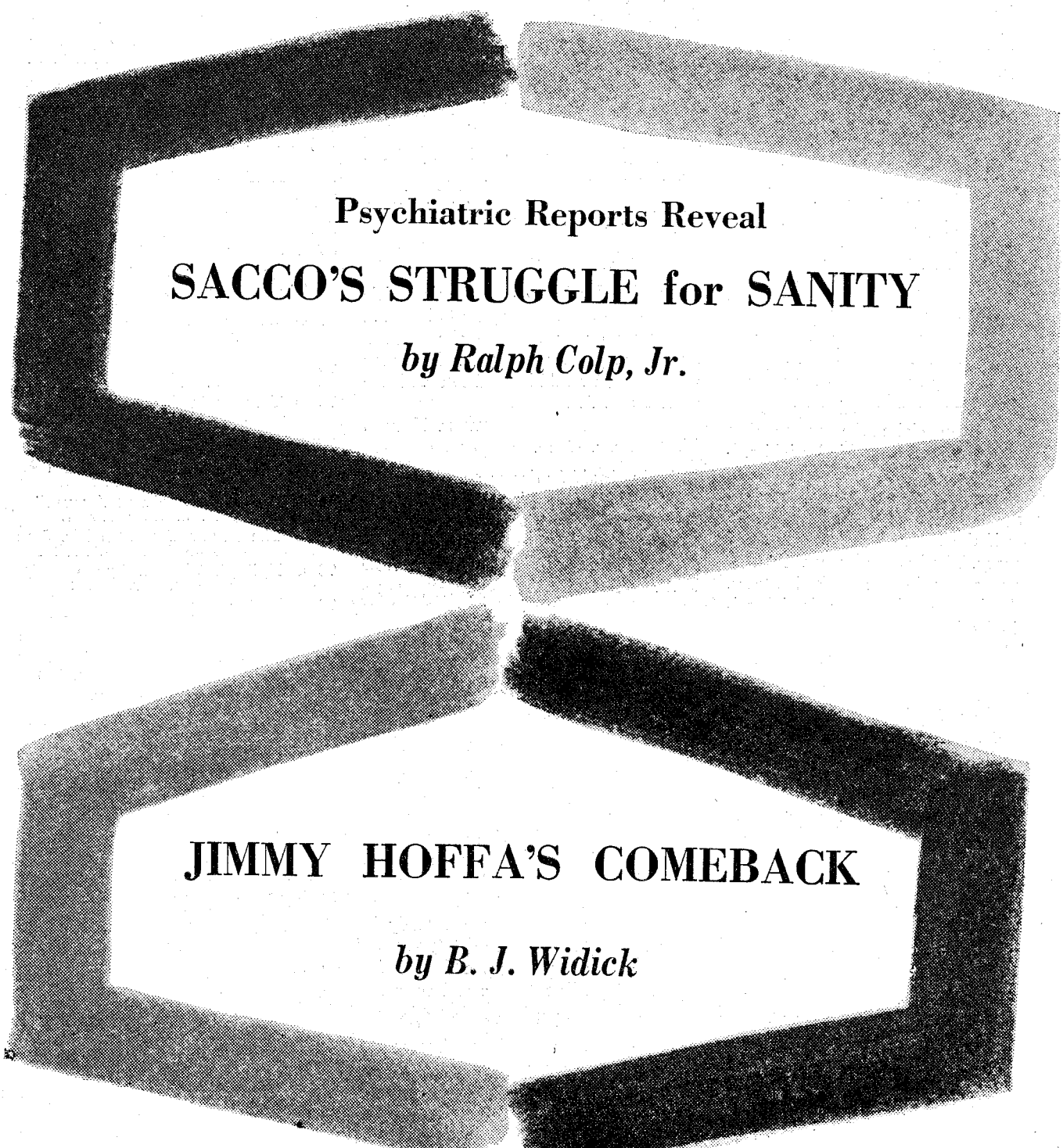
THE
NATION

AUGUST 16, 1958 . . 25c



Psychiatric Reports Reveal

SACCO'S STRUGGLE for SANITY

by Ralph Colp, Jr.

JIMMY HOFFA'S COMEBACK

by B. J. Widick

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LETTERS

Historic Function

Dear Sirs: Your analysis of the Middle Eastern crisis in the issue of August 2 should make all liberals rejoice that *The Nation* is still performing its historic function in saying the things that need to be said while standard journals are equivocating. An independent journal exists for just such emergencies, and this is an emergency. Millions of Americans believe with you that "the troops must come out" of Lebanon.

It seems to me there are two items, one cheerful and the other gloomy, to be added to your able analysis. While the top leaders of the Democratic Party have muffed a chance to make the party into a genuine opposition on the Lebanon issue, several Democratic Senators do deserve some praise for reasonably frank criticism on the floor of the Senate, notably Humphrey, Morse, Proxmire and Fulbright.

The gloomy item is that religious pressure groups are already at work, as they were during the Spanish Civil War, to support a reactionary policy, and they can claim the excuse that Lebanon operates as a kind of bi-religious commonwealth in which the Roman Catholic segment — now estimated at about 40 per cent — might be in danger if the Moslem segment attained supremacy. The leading Roman Catholic diocesan paper in the United States, *The Register*, carried an editorial column in its issue of August 3 declaring that "Nasser's attempt to subvert Lebanon makes our effort to save it a recapitulation of the Christian struggle to save or regain the Kingdom of Jerusalem. . . . Whether we wish it or not, we have inherited the responsibility of those who saved Christendom in Crusader times."

Annointed with oil, Mr. Dulles may still go down in history as the Leader of the Last Crusade.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Thetford Center, Vermont

Mr. Goldfine's Subtlety

Dear Sirs: Well, it seems Ike was not the first President to be vicunaed. The Spanish Ambassador gave a vicuna coat to George Washington in 1783 and the Embassy will show you the General's letter of thanks. But what particularly bugs me is that along with the vicuna went the gift of a male jackass.

What has now happened to dissolve this intriguing, perhaps symbolic, association of gifts? Mr. Goldfine is hardly a man to count the cost when it is a question of doing the job properly. And a President with a farm so liberally stocked by the bounty of his admirers could surely find a niche, if not a use, for this sturdy animal. But then I realized that Mr. Goldfine's grasp of the situation was more subtle than mine. There was no need to send Ike a jackass. He has Sherman Adams.

D. L. HARDY

Martinsburg, W. Va.

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks. The next issue will be published on August 30.

Saving Walden

Dear Sirs: Re Truman Nelson's article on Walden Pond in your July 19 issue . . . is there no way to keep the pond a revered national monument? If money would help, I would be glad to contribute what I can. . . .

PATRICIA HUTSON

West Haven, Conn.

[*Checks should be drawn payable to the Save Walden Committee and mailed to Professor Walter Harding, Treasurer of The Thoreau Society, Inc., State University Teachers College, Geneseo, New York.* —THE EDITORS]

Small Voice from Tokyo

Dear Sirs: I am a Japanese girl and seventeen years old. The March next year I will graduate. I like dress design very well. I want to be a dress designer. I want to go to America and want to study dress designing. But, I have no money to stay in America, so I am looking for a home that has charge of me. If I can go to America and to study of dress design, I am very very glad. Please introduce me the home that has charge of me. I want to the home of understanding that about this study in design.

I beg your pardon that I said for myself things. But I am a real sword.

Good bye, from

KEIKO AKAMATSU

P.S. My address: Miss Keiko Akamatsu, 265 Jiyugoaka Meguo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Caustic Friend

Dear Sirs: In many respects, you have failed to live up to expectations as an intelligent, liberal paper. . . . Yellow-dog contracts were violently opposed because they impinge on man's freedom to earn a living. But a closed shop meets with your blind support. . . . The immorality of constant inflation and deficit financing seems to be the keystone of your economic thinking.

Yes, there are many things I like in *The Nation*. That is why I have stuck with it for twenty-five years. But wake up! Don't be a house organ for labor tyranny and tax-eating psuedo-liberals. . . .

MEYER FIELD

Chicago, Ill.

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The Nation, Aug. 16, 1958. Vol. 187, No. 4

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Obsolescence of Bipartisanship

The General Assembly's special session on the Middle East will provide a circus for the propaganda gladiators, but out of it may also come a few scattered bits of constructive wisdom of a kind that often redeems otherwise banal international conferences. It is in this context that Senator Fulbright's brilliant attack on American policy, delivered in the Senate almost on the eve of the U.N. session, was perfectly timed. It serves notice on our Western friends in the Assembly that while Mr. Dulles may represent the White House, he does not represent all of Washington or all of the country. And it should give new heart to uncommitted delegations who have repeatedly been pushed out of their neutrality by the bunglers in Washington.

Mr. Fulbright pinpointed our ghastly failures all over the world, from Shanghai to Syria, from Sputnik I to the Sahara and points East. "If there is a single factor which more than any other explains the predicament we are now in," he added, "it is our readiness to use the specter of Soviet communism as a cloak for the failure of our own leadership." He might have added another specter which has plagued Washington: the specter of bipartisanship — the last refuge of the apathetic, the ignorant and the ward-heel politician. If Senator Fulbright has done no more than tear away the veil of sanctity from the architects of brinkmanship, he has done a notable service. Will the Democratic Party have the wit to see that it can best serve the country by following his lead?

The Third Specter

Talking about specters, a third — and familiar — one now hovers over the United Nations. Red China will be sitting alongside the Soviet delegation, although — in accordance with an optical principle propounded in Washington which has made a country of 600,000,000 people disappear — it will be invisible. What Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung talked about in Peking may not be known for a long time, but certainly some guesses are justified. One is that China now has the promise, if not the substance, of the nuclear warhead from its Soviet ally. If this is true, it does not require shrewd political insight to recognize that the United States is faced, or shortly will face, an entirely new situation *vis-à-vis* Formosa. China will be able to bargain from strength. And it would not be surprising if the bargaining begins at this session of the Assembly, with the Russians — perhaps in the person of Mr. Khrushchev — doing the talking for Mr. Mao. What more natural *quid pro quo,* from Peking's point of view, than an acknowledgment of legitimate Western interests in the Middle East in return for an acknowledgment of legitimate Chinese interests in Formosa?

If it seems odd that China should suddenly pop up as a major factor in a U.N. session supposedly devoted to the Middle East, it is only because all of us have fallen into the habit of compartmentalizing problems. They are easier to see that way, but much harder to solve. And the fact is that, almost by definition, the Middle East is half-way to the Far East; and a glance at the map will show that Washington is at least twice as far from Baghdad as Peking. There will come a time, there must come a time, when Washington will recognize that no international political conference can lead to fruitful results without China's participation. The sooner that time comes, the better the prospect for a peace that is de facto as well as de jure.

The Smell of Violence

Not the Faubus victory, but its extent, shocked many Northern liberals, including the editors of *The Nation.* Now a Southern, white anti-segregationist, long a friend of this magazine, rebukes us savagely for having

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harbored any illusions whatever about the temper of today's South:

> I know nothing is more obnoxious than to say "I told you so," but I hope that Faubus' victory will awaken Yankee liberals to the facts of life. All that "silent vote" that did not appear, the trust that "the good people of Arkansas" would repudiate Faubus. . . . What we are faced with down here is insurrection, not so violent right now, but bearing the seeds of violence. Is the writ going to run, or not? Are we to continue to have a government of law, or not? That is the question. We certainly are not unless the people in the rest of the country make up their minds that they are going to do something other than mouth pious platitudes. . . .
>
> You Yankee liberals seem to have your eyes overseas and feel that, instead of a domestic solution, we are going to have our problems settled by international events—by a kind of international class or color war. What you do not seem to realize is that the kind of foreign war our reactionaries would like to wage cannot be waged until this country is terrorized and dominated—and the South is being used as the spearhead of that domination.
>
> P.S. Get a map showing the U. S. military installations in the South.

What the writer is implying is clear enough. The country has enemies much closer to hand than in the Middle East, he says in effect; what then are we waiting for? It is not easy to answer. Are we waiting for the people of the South to be "educated" into reasonableness? Educated by whom? Governor Faubus? Collins? Hodges? Or by the tutor in the White House who so ardently believes in education but refuses to educate? Shall we place our faith in an appellate reversal of Judge Lemley's order delaying integration at Central High? But even if the reversal comes, is there reason to assume that the Department of Justice will move to enforce it with more zeal than it enforced the original desegregation order in Little Rock? Or shall we, on the amiable advice of Senator Eastland, "just plain wait for a couple of centuries"?

How appalling that such questions must be asked! The bitter fruit of "gradualism" is extremism. On the one hand, the white supremacists, heady with Faubus' victory, are prepared now to battle all the way down the line in every corner of the Southland; and, on the other, the militant anti-segregationist sees no answer but the boyonet. There is the smell of violence whichever way one turns; and even if the whites can be persuaded to stay their hand, the Negro will not wait forever.

Wall Street and Main Street

During a recent Security Council debate, Ambassador Lodge countered a Soviet accusation that the United States was run by monopolies with the statement that the USSR was, in itself, the biggest monopoly the world has ever seen. Ambassador Sobolev did not refute this solemn charge that his country was failing to observe the Sherman Anti-Trust laws, although in good conscience he could have pleaded guilty with extenuating circumstances. Monopoly in the USSR, he could have said, is subject at least to overall planning in a competitionless economy. In the United States, as the recent $3.50-per-ton increase in steel prices shows all too clearly, we have monopoly pricing in a competitionless economy — but without any planning. The old laissez-faire argument that cut-throat pricing to satisfy the laws of supply and demand was an adequate substitute for overall planning has now lost its pertinence; the only price competition in steel is *upward* to meet the boost of rival companies. Even a relatively minor giant such as the American Rolling Mills can raise prices today with absolute assurance that its mammoth rivals will follow suit tomorrow, no matter how badly production or sales may be lagging.

The inevitable result of this amiable imitating of the monopoly aspects of the Russian system is that we again face the specter of sharp inflation, and this almost before the current recession has even "bottomed out." The frantic activity in the securities market in recent weeks — the downs as well as the ups — has been due in large part to investors and speculators trying to guess at the exact timing of the inflation spiral. Regardless of prices on Wall Street, the prices on Main Street are going to stay up, and maybe go a lot higher.

The Case That Won't Die

In a special sense, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti represents a high water mark in the American pursuit of justice and fair play. "Not since that time," to quote from a statement issued last year marking the thirtieth anniversary of the executions, "has there been an effort by so many people in so many places to bring about what they conceived to be justice in a particular case." But it should be noted, also, that interest in the case continues to grow. "More has been written about the Sacco-Vanzetti case than any other criminal case in the history of the United States," writes Dr. Robert P. Weeks in an introduction to a fine collection of the relevant documents (*Commonwealth vs. Sacco-Vanzetti*, Prentice-Hall, Inc.). And this is as it should be. For as Albert Einstein wrote, on still another anniversary, "Everything should be done to keep alive the tragic affair of Sacco and Vanzetti in the conscience of mankind. They remind us of the fact that even the most perfectly planned democratic institutions are no better than the people whose instruments they are." In this spirit we have published from time to time material designed to keep this "tragic affair" alive and vivid (see *The Nation*, August 23, 1952), and Dr. Colp's unique study of Sacco, which appears on page 65 of this issue, does not mark the last time that we shall return to the subject.

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JIMMY HOFFA'S COMEBACK . . *by B. J. Widick*

WHEN THE AFL-CIO Executive Council meets on August 18, the biggest challenge it faces will be the resurgence of James Riddle Hoffa. A bare six months ago, the Teamsters Union had been thrown out of the merged federations, Hoffa's "respectable" labor colleagues were denouncing him as a menace to the labor movement, he was under indictment by a federal grand jury, and powerful forces were threatening to oust him from the leadership of the teamsters.

In these six months, the pugnacious Jimmy has achieved a series of sensational personal and legal triumphs which have put him back near the top of the labor heap. True, he is by no means out of the woods; the law, Senator McClellan and President Meany of the AFL-CIO are still after his hide. But he remains head of the teamsters, and his union is expanding aggressively at a time when most other unions, hampered by the depression, are fighting defensive battles. And, most perplexing to the AFL-CIO Executive Council, many of the unions which publicly and collectively voted him into exile are privately and individually negotiating agreements with him which enhance his prestige and power.

His greatest victory — and most important challenge to the AFL-CIO — is the progress he is making toward establishment of a united labor front in the transportation industry. Through a series of mutual-assistance pacts, he is bringing together such diverse figures as Paul Hall, head of the AFL-CIO Maritime Department; Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union (and a member of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee); William V. Bradley, president of the International Longshoremen's Union (another AFL-CIO expellee), and perhaps Harry Bridges, leader of the West Coast longshoremen. Thus in the key transportation industry, which has been torn by industrial strife for two decades, Hoffa seems well on his way to achieving something that the AFL-CIO could not accomplish on its own.

NO DOUBT external circumstances have eased the way for Hoffa's sensational comeback. In the first place, the anti-labor sentiment whipped up in Congress by the McClellan hearings, and the suffocating effects of state right-to-work laws, have placed the labor movement on the defensive and in a mood to seek help wherever help can be found. The strategic role of the Teamsters Union, in this respect, is greater than any other union in the country. Secondly, whatever moral effect the McClellan committee achieved when it put Beck and Hoffa on the witness stand was dissipated by its handling of the Kohler strike; if the committee could be so wrong about Reuther and the U.A.W., could it have been so right about Hoffa and the teamsters? Moreover, and with obvious reason, the Goldfine-Adams affair has blunted the edge of any and all moral pronouncements emanating from Washington.

Hoffa has shrewdly exploited these facts, and most particularly the "defensive psychology" of the labor unions, in his climb back to power. Instead of plunging the movement into civil war, he has used the period of his expulsion to mend his fences and make peace. With the vast and strategically-placed agreements with the teamsters at his command, he has maintained working agreements with at least ten AFL-CIO affiliates, including the Machinists Union headed by Alan Hayes, who is also chairman of the merged federations' Ethical Practices Committee. Recently, he helped the Retail Clerks Union solve a five-month strike at Montgomery Ward, and he is reported in Detroit to be toying with the idea of helping his bitter rival, Walter Reuther, settle the Kohler strike. His recently announced plan to help other unions organize the 200,000 Sears-Roebuck employees is the first sign of organizational life the labor movement has seen in some years.

According to reports, the successful settlement which the American Newspaper Guild recently achieved in a strike against the Philadelphia *Inquirer* was in large measure the result of substantial backing by the Teamsters Union. And ahead of Hoffa lies the glittering prospect offered by the St. Lawrence Seaway project. As a key figure in any united front achieved by unions in the transportation field, Hoffa could undoubtedly play an important role in organizing seaway workers to the benefit not only of his own union, but of other transport unions as well.

On Mr. Meany's return from Europe on July 16, the AFL-CIO president announced he would press for the ouster of any federation affiliate involved in a pact which strengthened the teamsters. But every pact which Hoffa signs helps the teamsters, one way or another; the difficulty is that quite often it helps the other union even more. It does not

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The UAW and Walter Reuther.

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seem that Mr. Meany's position—at least as he outlined it on July 15—is likely to get much enthusiastic support.

As for his own racket-ridden union, Hoffa seems to be making some progress toward making it respectable. His many labor critics are watching particularly the operations of the three-man monitorship which the courts have imposed on his regime. Up to now, there is evidence that Hoffa recognizes in the monitor system an opportunity for ridding the union of its most objectionable elements without involving himself in charges of disloyalty toward men with whom he has been working for years. He can always argue that his hands are tied, that it is up to the monitors. At the moment, labor observers are paying close attention to the investigation of Roy Cohen, the teamster boss of Philadelphia who was elected on the Hoffa slate as one of the three international trustees of the union. Earlier this year, Cohen refused to tell the McClellan committee how he had spent $467,523.

Meanwhile, Hoffa has authorized the restoration of self-rule to some fifty locals which had formerly operated under administrators selected by the international. He has reinstated five rank-and-file members who had been barred from the union for opposing his election to the presidency. And he has divested himself of most of the outside business interests that had gotten him into trouble in the first place.

CAN JIMMY HOFFA really clean up his union? Robert Kennedy, McClellan committee counsel, says flatly that Hoffa couldn't possibly live long enough to do the job. That may be so; in any case, what happens with the Teamsters Union cannot be the final answer to racketeering in the labor movement.

In C. Wright Mills's brilliant study, *New Men of Power*, the author points out that labor racketeering depends on three factors: (1) businessmen and industrialists who seek to corrupt labor leaders; (2) public officials who cooperate with racketeers; (3) corruptible labor leaders or racketeers who use the labor movement as a cover for their activities. Except for its exposé of Nathan W. Shefferman's role as a union-buster in behalf of management, the McClellan committee has so far failed to probe deeply into the first two factors. In this sense, all Congressional inquiries into labor racketeering have been superficial excursions into a basic social problem inherent in our system. The 1950 Kefauver hearings did bring to light some of the connections among racketeers, politicians and police officials, but the surgery necessary to sever these connections has never been performed. In the context of the current concentration on labor "villains," is it too much to ask why the FBI and other government agencies have not been more successful, or more zealous, in following [illegible] signposts left by Kefauver?

Perhaps the problem may be stated in another form: If Hoff[illegible] the kind of man his enemies say is, how was it possible for him [illegible] have become such an influen[illegible] figure in American society? O[illegible] two years ago, he was the recipi[illegible] of one of the most elaborate tes[illegible] monial dinners ever given in Michig[illegible] Among those present were Bish[illegible] Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago; Rab[illegible] Aaron Decter of Philadelphia; Jo[illegible] Bugas, vice president of the Fo[illegible] Motor Company; Richard T. Gosse[illegible] vice president of the U.A.W.; [illegible] Hayes, chairman of the AFL-CI[illegible] Ethical Practices Committee, an[illegible] numerous officials of Sears-Roebuck[illegible] Montgomery Ward and various larg[illegible] trucking firms.

The truth is that Hoffa, who along with Walter Reuther dominates the labor and political scene in Michigan, is a product of a world not of his own making. He rose to labor leadership in the Michigan of the 1930s—the world of Harry Bennett and the notorious union-busting Ford Service Department, of a bribe-taking Detroit mayor and a corrupt Detroit police, of the unsolved murders of a radio crime-crusader and a state senator who was about to testify against government officials involved in huge scandals. This was the world of the Purple Gang, which bragged of its "in" with large corporations. In this economic jungle, Jimmy Hoffa and the teamsters

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terests which dominate the trucking industry. Indeed, the attitude of the trucking companies goes a long way toward explaining Hoffa's ability to survive the recent attacks upon him.

JIMMY HOFFA is merely the most successful of the old school of "business unionists" whose philosophy and practices have dominated the American labor movement for too long a time. Even the lack of democracy in his organization is in the standard tradition of the old A.F. of L., and characterizes far too many unions in the united labor movement — including many led by men who are today Hoffa's severest critics. The idealism which marked

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the growth of the C.I.O. has somewhere been shuffled off in the labor movement's advance to prosperity and power. Today the movement adheres to a set of standards which are normal to the business world: influence-peddling, the buying and selling of politicians, the seeking of favors, the worship of profit. The adherence to such standards by an institution ostensibly based on social idealism is the source of the most important conflict facing labor today. But labor leaders who are eating as high off the hog as Hoffa (even though their derelictions may not have been as crude) are in no position to pass moral judgment on a colleague.

IF THE AFL-CIO council, at its forthcoming meeting, is to deal successfully with the Hoffa issue, it will have to reckon with all these intramural factors involving ethics, as well as practical problems involving the teamster president's swift comeback and his growing strength. What most "outside" critics fail to realize is that unions, good or bad, clean or corrupt, will continue to hold their rank-and-file as long as they serve the workers' interests—and not very much longer. The very existence of unionism is a decisive criticism of our social order, which forces labor to seek organization to protect against exploitation. The derelictions of some labor leaders, the failure of others, does not diminish the power of the union idea. Such happenings make the rank-and-file more skeptical; they place more pressure on labor leaders; they invite public scrutiny which, in turn, increases rank-and-file pressure for better unionism. In this framework, the competition between Jimmy Hoffa and the George Meany-Walter Reuther forces may well turn out to be beneficial for the labor movement.

PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS REVEAL

SACCO'S STRUGGLE FOR SANITY . . *Ralph Colp, Jr.*

SACCO AND VANZETTI were electrocuted thirty-one years ago this month. The intervening time has enhanced, if anything, the importance of the case; the fish peddler and the cobbler have laid an indelible mark upon the America to which they came as strangers. Of the two, Vanzetti is the better known, less perhaps because of what has been said about him than because of the extraordinary eloquence with which he was able to speak for himself. Sacco spoke less, and less eloquently; yet, in some respects, he was of more interest to the psychiatrist. Several times, in the course of his seven years in jail, he approached and perhaps transgressed the borderline of legal insanity. Not until April 9, 1927, when the sentence of death was finally and irrevocably passed upon him, did he emerge at last from a series of emotional storms; and in the last four months of his life he was more cheerful than at any time since his arrest, and in the hour of his death surely no man was ever more controlled.

This article, based upon and extensively quoting from hitherto unpublished material in the records of the Boston Psychopathic and Bridgewater hospitals, deals with the "mental history" of Sacco as a prisoner. This is, then, a "new" Sacco we are to meet, as seen through the eyes of psychiatrists.

THE YEAR 1923 ushered in the third year of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The two men had been arrested on May 5, 1920, charged with the murders at South Braintree, Massachusetts, and had been found guilty a year later. With sentence still pending, the defense was proceeding with a series of futile motions for a new trial. But in the meantime Vanzetti had been convicted and sentenced on a separate and additional charge: an attempted holdup at Bridgewater. So in 1923 Vanzetti was serving time in Charlestown Prison while awaiting the outcome of the capital charge. There, by constant study, exercise and prison work, he had remained sound in mind and body.

But Sacco, almost since the day of his arrest, had been confined in Dedham Jail, where, as an unsentenced prisoner, he had not been permitted to do any physical work for almost two years. This was a man who had worked hard all his life; he could not overcome his anxieties by reading, or by the limited exercise his small cell afforded. Four or five months after his admission to Dedham he had made his first complaint: something was being put into his food. Early in 1922, he had at last been assigned to the prison shoe factory. The assignment "lasted only a week because all sorts of things happened to him: accidents befell him." Late that year, his feelings of persecution had become overwhelming, and on February 17, 1923, in protest against this persecution, and motivated also by a vague wish to die, he went on a hunger strike.

He ate nothing for four weeks. Then, on a Friday afternoon, March 16, he was examined by three leading Massachusetts psychiatrists assigned to the task by Judge Thayer, in whose courtroom the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had taken place. The three psychiatrists were Dr. C. H. Cohoon, superintendent of the Medfield State Hospital; Dr. Albert C. Thomas, superintendent of the Foxboro State Hospital; and Dr. Abraham Meyerson, a practitioner in Boston.

In a manner described by the doctors as "perfectly calm," the

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RALPH COLP, Jr., M.D., is a resident in psychiatry at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center.

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WAKE and FUNERAL . . *by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

THE BODIES were laid out in a one-room funeral parlor near the end of Hanover Street and mourners jammed the roped-off sidewalks ten across all the way to Scollay Square. That August, a dismal end of the month, without the usual bright, relentless summer sun. They lined up at six in the morning and reached past the markets, just then opening and unfolding their dim sights and pungent odors to indifferent viewers, and past the Casino Theatre into the square itself. By the fronts of opened stores and stalls and the rank hallways of brick tenements, inching and shuffling (hazy waves of human heat rose from the lines of jamming people, eyes and heads watched out of all the windows above), it took four hours to reach the coffins less than a mile away near the corner of Fleet Street. Till at last from the dozens of stores on both sides of the funeral parlor that had to be hired for their display, came the sweet, sweet smell of flowers, from everywhere in the world and each one of them red as life's blood. Wreaths, garlands, cascades of red flowers and the streets of the North End filled with hundreds of blue-coated police, ready with tear gas, some mounted on horses and more on the roofs with (they said) machine guns.

And the anarchists, you could pick them out by their stern faces and by their black hats and the wide, black butterfly ties they wore with an air of defiance. They were everywhere, impeccable and inexorable. They too were ready and in their eyes alone carried looks that could kill.

It was arranged that you walked in on one side and without stopping passed behind one, then between both coffins, and out again. Sacco was laid out on the right, Vanzetti on the left. To the ceiling the room was banked with flowers; the caskets were heavy, rich and costly. Their faces — and here a shudder fanned through you—were the color of bronze, though drawn and hollow. But their hair was still black as night. No one wept. One ribbon on the flowers read: *Aspettando l'ora di vendetta* — "Awaiting the hour of vengeance." Another read simply: "Revenge." Some read: "Massachusetts the murderer."

Then the funeral. The whole week long they feared the Board of Health would not allow them to display the bodies for as long as Sunday (the executions had taken place just past midnight on Monday), but a hundred thousand people went to see them, so many that the funeral parlor's terrazzo floor and white marble threshold got worn and later there was a suit for a new floor and threshold. On that Sunday afternoon Hanover Street became a river and a sea of people dressed in black ties of mourning and of anarchism, with red carnations and flaming red armbands. All this despite the thin, cheerless drizzle which glazed the cobbled streets and made treacherous the trolley tracks. With mounted police flanking, the two hearses went side by side, flowers in front—some of the floral pieces so heavy it took six men to carry them—flowers behind, followed by two hundred thousand people. Across Hanover Street from sidewalk to sidewalk the mourners marched with arms locked. Walks were lined with crowds mile after mile; everywhere as the hearses passed hats were removed, and the windows of buildings were clustered with heads. Through Scollay Square the crowds were so incredible they caved in shop windows, and at one point the entire street became red when blossoms were strewn. But all streets approaching Beacon Hill had been dug up and blocked by big trucks loaded with sand in order to keep the hearses from passing in front of the State House. And at the last, nearing the crematory at Forest Hills Cemetery, mounted police columns routed the crowds, causing riots and blood and arrests. The only justice that day was the weather: the sun refused to shine.

IT HAPPENED in August, 1927. To this day there are some Italians—to whom revolution always had been imminent though less than half understood—who on seemingly fateful occasions burn foolishly with nostalgic heroism and thinly disguised theatrical bravado, demanding to know what to them serves as a test question for the socially conscious: "Where were you at the funeral of Sacco and Vanzetti?" While others who were present and ready and armed, real men, weep—have sadly been reduced to weeping —in their memory.

What a memory, that agony of triumph! When for the last time Boston was hub of the universe. Two copper cylinders with silver name-plates were left, inside of each ten pounds of ash. Their bodies died. They live.

NORMAN THOMAS di GIOVANNI, who has contributed Spanish and Italian verse translations to The Nation, *is writing a novel about Italian-Americans.*

weakened prisoner, lying on his cell bed, insisted that the state was trying to kill him by a series of slow tortures: poison was constantly being put into his food—even the food his wife had brought him had been poisoned, unknown to her; noxious vapors were being blown into his cell and electric currents circulated under his bed. To Dr. Cohoon, Sacco explained that he had gone on the hunger strike because his "suffering had become so intense that he could not permit it to go much further." When the doctor asked him why he drank water, which would prolong his life, he "stated that he did not want to die too quickly because, on account of a hearing for a new trial, he felt that he should allow his counsel some opportunity to plead. He had no confidence, however, that he would get a new trial; he did not expect any justice from the state or the government."

Following this interview, the three physicians reported to Judge Thayer that they had found Sacco "mentally disturbed." The judge then ordered the prisoner to be sent to Boston Psychopathic Hospital for a ten-day examination period.

Upon his admission, a doctor warned him: "Nick, they have sent you here to eat, and if you don't, we will feed you with a tube." Describing his thoughts later to a physician in Bridgewater, Sacco said, "You know, doctor, I have read in

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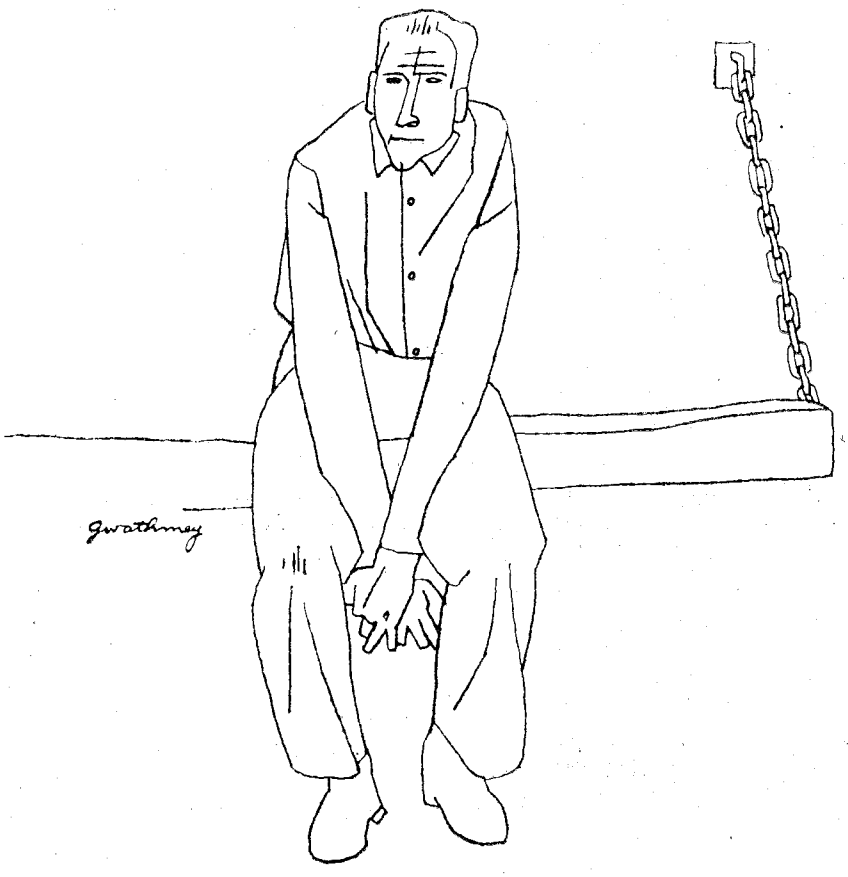
an Italian magazine that you can live a long time if they feed you with a tube; I knew this, and then I was too weak and could not fight them, so I said, I go ahead and eat. I was against going because I wanted justice. . . ."

So his hunger strike was broken. Sacco wheeled himself to his new quarters on Psychopathic's second-floor ward for disturbed patients, where he occupied a small room with barred windows. In front of his door —a precedent for this hospital—stood a police guard. Once in the room, he was not permitted out except for supervised walks in the corridor. He was examined daily by hospital orderlies, nurses and resident physicians, and about once every three days by the hospital's full entourage, headed by stocky, impeccably dressed, crisply speaking Dr. C. McFie Campbell, Psychopathic's director. He was also visited by Drs. Cohoon, Myerson and Thomas. Daily he saw his wife and, occasionally, his lawyer (Fred Moore), and friends.



AT PSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Sacco's mental and emotional condition took two antipodal turns.

For the first forty-eight hours after admission, he lay on his cot and was fed broth and gruel every hour around the clock. Then he began eating normally, commenting that the hospital spaghetti "was almost as good as could be obtained in Italy," and within a week had gained ten pounds. He said he "'felt fine"; the Dedham delusions vanished, and he spoke of them "as all a mistake" and "prejudice." Although he identified Psychopathic with the state which was persecuting him, and his lawyer had told him not to talk to hospital personnel except in his presence, Sacco was friendly to the doctors with whom he came in contact. When a physician commented on his hirsuteness, he japed that it proved "the correctness of Darwin's theory." At another time, he spoke of his love for his wife and two children and of his feelings for nature and the outdoors; laughing brightly, he offered one of the physicians a flower. He was especially loquacious about his profession of shoemaker: "He stated that he, himself, could not make an entire pair of shoes, that his job was merely that of 'trimming around the soles.' However, in spite of the limitations of this job, he knew a great deal about the manufacture of shoes in general, and was considerably interested in the same."

The records at Psychopathic yield this illuminating comment by Dr. Campbell: "With only three years' schooling, [Sacco] has read a great deal . . . Tolstoi, Hugo, Zola, Kropotkin." The comment is noteworthy because Sacco said he never liked school, described himself as a "little thick," and on the non-language intelligence tests given him at the hospital, he scored very low. (Psychological tests have their caveats: did Sacco's Italian background block his ability to grasp picture concepts which would have been intelligible to a native American? This is a moot point.)

And the man who was convicted of robbery and a brutal killing never ceased to stress his peacefulness and passivity. He told the doctors: "I am soft-hearted. I cannot kill a chicken. I am kind, tender, I never kill anybody. I love my fellow man." One of the reasons he gave for having evaded the draft of 1917 was simply that he was "afraid of war." Dr. Campbell summed up the patient's political philosophy: "He does not believe in revolution because that means that the ignorant people are not ready for it, and the community needs the professional workers. He waxes enthusiastic over this topic. He is a Socialist, but not a revolutionary." Sacco had not participated in strikes but only in meetings at which strike funds were raised. Even there he hung back from making speeches because "I am ashamed," meaning he was too shy.

All in all, Sacco appeared to have been remarkably well-adjusted to his family and job. Previous to his imprisonment, there had never been any suggestion of psychiatric illness.

ON MARCH 22—only a few days after his admission to Psychopathic—there was a disquieting episode. After an uneventful day Sacco, a few hours after retiring, complained to his two police guards and to the ward attendant of a slight headache. He

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asked for a wet towel to place across his head. When the ward attendant left to procure this, Sacco jumped out of bed and dashed his head several times against the arms of a heavy chair, lacerating his forehead. The policemen and ward attendants seized him, and as he struggled with them, he cried in a high-pitched voice: "I am innocent! There is no justice!" It finally required four men first to restrain him and then to put him in a dry pack. In the morning, taken out of the pack, he was calm and cooperative, and greeted Dr. Campbell by saying, "I am ashamed of what I done." He explained that he was tired of life, and wished to kill himself. Dr. Campbell interpreted the incident as indicating "a transitory condition of emotional tension which was intelligible in view of the emotional strain to which the patient has been subject."

In the following days, Sacco reverted to his cheerful, cooperative self. On March 26, as the period fixed for his stay in Psychopathic was drawing to a close, Dr. Campbell sent Judge Thayer a letter summarizing the prisoner's condition. With the exception of the episode of March 21, Dr. Campbell found that Sacco's "behavior has been that of the ordinary hospital patient. There has been no difficulty in caring for him . . . his mood has, on the whole, been equable." And the doctor concluded: "The result of the observation of the patient in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital has been that we have found no evidence of insanity of any type. . . ."

NEVERTHELESS, the court extended the period of Sacco's observation into April, and the extra month was to present quite a different picture.

Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, called "mother" by Sacco, was a wealthy Bostonian who believed firmly in the prisoner's innocence and visited him frequently. She was in Sacco's room on April 2, when a doctor entered. Mrs. Evans told the physician "that she knew nothing about medicine, but that in her opinion patient was talking like a crazy man. She said that patient insisted he would kill himself as soon as he was sent to jail. She was trying to dissuade him from any such idea. Patient was quite stubborn to all of her pleadings. He said that he had suffered long enough, that he wanted it over with one way or another, that when he went back to jail he would give the judge twenty-four hours to decide the case and that if he did not set him free patient would 'take things in my own hands.' "

Five days later, Sacco was visited by his wife, Rose. They argued in Italian, and Sacco became quite agitated (later he explained he had told Rose he would go crazy, and she had answered that he was foolish). After his wife left, Sacco "suddenly jumped out of his bed and rushed toward the edge of the open door, with his head lowered in a blind, impulsive manner. Before he could strike the door, however, he was restrained. Thereafter, he became excited, somewhat noisy, and struck out violently, requiring considerable restraint. He was given treatment in the form of a dry pack with cold compresses to his head. He was talking and shouting in an excited tone, maintaining that his wife was confined in the ward above him, whence he had been hearing (as a matter of fact), the voices and cries of the women patients, which he believed were those of his wife. Later in the afternoon he further stated that his wife was still upstairs in the female ward, and that she was in a pack and under restraint." By seven that evening, he was again calm and controlled, and said "that he must be going crazy in this place, that his ideas about his wife were all a mistake." Early in the morning, he averred that he had heard voices telling him that a bunch of roses had been left for him in the hospital lobby. A few hours later he was stating "that these were crazy ideas which come to his mind he does not know how."

On April 9, he told physicians that he had been "full of foolish ideas during the night, that he had too much to think about and worry about. . . ." On April 12, at 8:30 A.M., while sitting in a chair, he suddenly lunged forward as if to dart out of his room, but was restrained. Dr. Campbell saw him afterwards, and Sacco explained that he had not seen his wife the day before, and was waiting for her to call, and that he had lunged in response to what he thought was his wife's voice calling out his son's name, "D-a-a-n-t-e." He stated further that he had not really believed his wife was here.

After this, for about a week, Sacco seemed to be calm.

Then, on April 19, after a sleepless night, he "jumped out of his bed and became violent and unmanageable, so that it was necessary to place him in a moist pack." Over the next four days it was necessary to place him in packs seven times. "During these attacks he shouts and screams that he wants his freedom; he wants to go home to his family. . . . Between the attacks and often during the attack, when he can for a moment be made to control himself, he is rational, clear and oriented, knows the time and the date and the place, and clearly recognized those about him. . . . During the attacks he at times strikes viciously at those about him, or those who attempt to restrain him, and also hurls all manner of abusive and profane imprecations upon others."

Nick Sacco had succumbed to a form of what today would be called "sensory deprivation."

SENSORY deprivation, in its strictest sense, involves the isolation of an individual from everyday sights, sounds and actions, and is illustrated by the following experiment. Confine a group of "normal" persons in iron lungs such as are used in the treatment of poliomyelitis patients; darken the room, exclude all human contact and sound, and limit the motion of arms and legs by confining them to cardboard cylinders. After thirty-six hours, every individual in the group will develop some mental disturbances: most will not be able to think clearly; about half will develop delusions. Nick Sacco had been exposed to a somewhat analagous situation for nearly thirty-six months. Although he had contact with people, he had been deprived of the three most important things in his life: wife and children,

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job, and his exercise and contact with nature. The daily Psychopathic visits of Rose Sacco—in Dedham she had not visited as frequently—aggravated the patient instead of assuaging him, and were the direct cause of his most powerful delusions and hallucinations. It was as if every visit of Rose—however much her husband desired it—could only be unbearable to him. No one understood this better than the bachelor, Vanzetti, who later wrote: "Has Nick a wife? Yes, and a good one; but, not being free, he must either think she is consoling herself with somebody else, or that she is suffering the unspeakable agony of a loving woman compelled to mourn a living lover."

And, of course, if Sacco was innocent, his resentment and despair must have contributed to his condition.

What grim irony! The Psychopathic psychiatrists realized that these factors were causing Sacco to go mad, but they were as powerless as Sacco himself to correct them. They could only stand by and watch while under their direct aegis, in a room of their hospital, the man who was a gentle, retiring lover of nature and mankind changed into a violently demented creature whose one insinct was to injure himself.

ON APRIL 10, in a new letter to the court, Dr. Campbell wrote: "In view of the fact that the patient developed the mental disorder in prison, and in view of the uncertainty as to his insight into the delusions to which he was then subject, in view of the great probability that return to the prison environment will precipitate a return to the delusions, and in view of the repeated threats of suicide, and in view of the episodes of impulsive behavior, with statements of hearing voices, I am of the opinion that the patient is of unsound mind, and definitely requires hospital care and treatment, and should be committed as such to a hospital for mental disorders." Drs. Cohoon, Thomas, Myerson, and Dr. James V. May, a psychiatrist who had examined Sacco under court order at Psychopathic, concurred.

On April 22 (defense objections had caused a delay), Sacco was driven from Psychopathic Hospital to the Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminally Insane and there committed. April 23—his first morning in Bridgewater—was his thirty-second birthday.

THE RECORD AT Bridgewater covers five months, but is sparse compared with Psychopathic's record of five weeks, and relates quite a different tale.

Sacco entered Bridgewater in a

mood which the admitting physician described as "agreeable and cooperative." After two days he was chatting in friendly fashion with the other prisoners, and soon was working at polishing floors. Instead of a room, he was given a ward bed, and was seen only occasionally by the doctors and hospital personnel. After four days, he was permitted to exercise in the ward. After several weeks, he could spend his mornings working in the Bridgewater Prison farm, where he tended a small garden, just as he had once tended a garden in the back of his home. His appetite remained good, and by June 20, he had gained twenty-six pounds. And throughout he remained "always quiet, cautious, pleasant, and agreeable" and neatly dressed. When asked whether he was mad, he replied, "Doctor, I am not one of that kind. My mind is clear. I am not crazy." He told the Bridgewater doctors, "I know you people here are honest." He became optimistic about his chances for a new trial.

So, unpredictably, in the place where the defense had opposed sending him, Sacco regained his sanity. How a person recovers from a psychosis is unknown. But perhaps an analogy, in this instance, may again be found in the iron-lung experiment: once released from the lung, normal people quickly recover. Certainly at Bridgewater, Sacco's sensory deprivation was less than at Dedham and Psychopathic. There was less supervision, more space to move around in, more work, outdoor exercise; and there was the gardening. Perhaps the fewer visits from Rose also contributed to Nick's recovery. "Occasionally," Dr. Mountford, the Bridgewater physician, noted, Sacco "presents a worried look which he explains by saying that it is all caused by the long procedure of the court, which keeps his case from being settled one way or the other." On July 9, Dr. Mountford wrote, Sacco "says he has not given the suicide idea up, and regrets that he did not die in his former attempt. In explaining this statement, says he does not wish to commit suicide now, but says he wants to get justice, and insists if ever confronted by similar conditions of those before he came here, he would not hesitate to commit suicide." After saying this, Sacco looked out the window into the prison yard, and with great interest watched a ball game.

These darker thoughts remained in the antra of Sacco's mind. He had come to Bridgewater on April 22, with a diagnosis of "psychosis"; he was discharged, on September 29, with a diagnosis "not insane."

Discharged back to his cell in Dedham! Sacco had warned that if returned to that cell he would commit suicide: "The great possibility . . . [is] that return to the prison environment will precipitate a return of the delusions. . . ," Dr. Campbell had written. Again, while the time passed in motions for a new trial, Sacco languished in this cell until April, 1927—forty-six months. How close he must have veered to the edge of madness can be sensed—though no

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more than sensed — from the published volume of Sacco and Vanzetti letters. Sacco's hostility, instead of being turned on himself, was directed at his friends; in July, 1924, he refused to see all "philanthropic" members of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, including Mrs. Evans; he next broke with his lawyer, Fred Moore. However, a new lawyer was acquired; Sacco apologized to his "philanthropic" supporters and never again required mental hospitalization. Sacco's sanity never again became a public issue.

WITH THE SENTENCE of electrocution on April 9, 1927, the uncertainty of the preceding seven years vanished. A leitmotiv running through Sacco's psychotic episodes had been, "Kill me or set me free." Once he knew he would die, Nick Sacco became more cheerful than at any time since his arrest. The integrity of his personality attained an apogee when, refusing the pleadings of Vanzetti and all his friends, he shunned any dealing with the authorities. There was a final moment of disquietude when he went on a hunger strike which, after seventeen days—again on the threat of forced feeding—he gave up. On August 23, 1927, he went to his death, quietly and with dignity. Nick Sacco had lost his struggle for freedom and life, but at the end the issue of his sanity had been decided in his favor.

MISSILE STRATEGY: 1968 . . *by C. H. Waddington*

IT IS GENERALLY agreed that effective disarmament, particularly as regards nuclear weapons, seems at this juncture to be far off. The reasons are twofold: (1) while agreement might be reached to check the *production* of nuclear weapons, it is technically impossible to assure the destruction of *existing* stockpiles, some of which might be hidden in undetectable fashion; (2) because the Communist world enjoys a great preponderance of manpower, the capitalist world can be expected to take the position that nuclear disarmament would leave it in a hopelessly inferior military situation.

The immediate and pressing problem, therefore, is not disarmament but the establishment of a world-security system which will provide mankind with a relatively safe way of living with nuclear bombs until the time does arrive when they can be gotten rid of. This requires, above all, a Soviet-American agreement; once these giants feel that their position is reasonably stable *vis-à-vis* each other, the numerous problems connected with the lesser powers might be dealt with more easily.

C. H. WADDINGTON, Professor of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh University and one of Britain's foremost scientists, has done extensive work on the biological effects of nuclear fall-out. He was among the scientists invited to the second Pugwash Conference held at Lac Beauport, Canada, last spring.

The first requirement for such a security system would be a halt to the arms race, not only in nuclear arms but in all other military technological weapons. What are the prospects in this direction?

One of the most potent causes of the arms race is the military doctrine which may be called the "counter-force" strategy. That is the strategy in which Country A attempts to attack the military resources of Country B, as well as to defend itself. In the present context this means, for instance, destroying the enemy's rocket sites and trying, by the use of anti-missile missiles, to shoot down his rockets and aircraft.

But now, in the theory of the "nuclear deterrent," we can envisage an alternative to the "counter-force" strategy which may lead to results of first-rate importance. The basic theory of the nuclear deterrent is that Country A should be able, no matter how vigorously attacked, to inflict extensive damage on Country B. This need not involve attacking B's military forces; the objectives would be cities and industrial potential. Once the striking forces of both A and B are invulnerable, there is no longer any point in either country's attempting to match or surpass every increase in the forces of the other. All that is needed, in the arsenal of each, is a *sufficient* and *invulnerable* retaliatory power.

At present, we seem to be in transition between the stage at which counter-force strategy is appropriate and one in which a deterrent strategy will become fully operative. This is because present-day attacking forces, based on manned bombers and liquid-fueled rockets, have to be operated from "soft," i.e., vulnerable, bases; and it still makes sense, although perhaps already not very much, for Country A to defend against Country B by being in a position to destroy B's military bases.

But within a few years—perhaps ten — we shall have passed into a phase in which massive attacks can be launched by solid-fuel missiles located deep underground or operated from mobile launching platforms. At that stage, bases will have become "hard," or invulnerable, and the counter-force strategy will have become obsolete. The arms race, in the sense of the indefinite multiplication of a variety of weapons, might then come to an end. We might pass into what could be called the "Fort Knox" strategy, with both sides in possession of a store of solid-fuel rockets, sufficient to inflict great damage, buried deep in the earth and—we hope—never to be used.

It has been pointed out that the "Fort Knox" strategy has its own dangers. It would mark, of course, the true advent of the push-button war. The time between the push of the button and the explosion over enemy territory would be reduced to a half-hour, perhaps less. Once the decision to launch was taken, there would be no time for second thoughts. Yet this danger is not so great as

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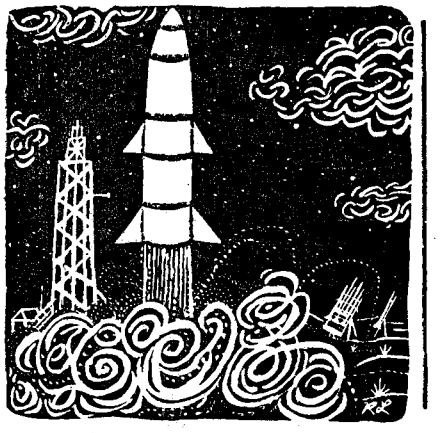
it appears. If the bases are really invulnerable, there will be no need for instant retaliation to an attack which might later turn out to have been caused by technical accident. Time could be taken for investigation in the assurance that the power to retaliate was always there. This is not true under present conditions, when bases are "soft," and it is essential to strike the retaliatory blow before they are damaged. Thus, on balance, the development of solid-fuel, long-range rockets, operating from "hard" bases, ultimately would reduce the danger of accidental war. [*The more immediate dangers of war by accident are discussed in an article by Carl Dreher which will appear in* The Nation *shortly.—Ed.*]

HOWEVER, an adequate security system should provide against risks other than those of accidental war. Some provision for adequate warning of impending attack is essential. Of course, several proposals to this end have already been advanced. The American plan, which lays particular stress on aerial inspection, could almost certainly detect preparations for a major attack by conventional land forces. It could also locate airfields, but not necessarily preparations for large-scale air attack. And while aerial observation could spot the bases for liquid-fuel rockets, it probably would miss the underground installations for solid-fuel rockets.

Obviously, aerial inspection must be linked to a system of ground-based inspectors. These should be located in the neighborhood of major airfields and rocket bases, at submarine ports and at major centers of land communications. Such a system was suggested by the Soviet Union in 1955. An adequate network of inspectors would provide knowledge of how many long-range aircraft, submarines, etc., were "out of sight" of the inspection system at any given time, and thereby be in a position to warn of a dangerous situation.

Thus, if there were in existence a system of aerial reconnaissance to assure that there were no unknown bases, and a ground-inspection network to keep check of how many aircraft had "disappeared from view," it would be difficult for one country secretly to mount a major attack on another. Moreover, the two systems would minimize the danger of catastrophic misinterpretation of a technical accident.

Neither system, of course, would be of any use in the detection of underground bases. [*On July 13, Premier Khrushchev stated that the Soviet Union—at least until mutual "trust" was established—had no intention of going beyond its original*



offer of a limited number of "fixed" ground-inspection teams. On the same day, The New York Times *reported that Western scientists, meeting with Eastern colleagues at Geneva to discuss nuclear-blast detection systems, believed that mobile inspection teams were vital to the detection of underground blasts. The argument would seem to be even more valid with respect to the detection of underground bases.—Ed.*] But we have already seen that by the time the major powers move into the operational stage of hard-fuel ICBMs, instant warnings would be of no use, and instant retaliation would be unnecessary. The hope in this field—and it is a very real hope—lies in the fact that the deterrent forces in the hands of two or more countries would cancel each other.

INDICATIONS ARE, then, that (1) a system which would to a large extent insure the security of the two big powers is possible; (2) technological developments are moving away from our present enormously expensive counter-force strategy in the direction of "hard"-based, solid-fuel rockets. During the second Pugwash conference last April, which I attended, someone estimated that if counter-force strategy continues to dominate military thinking during the next twelve years, the world as a whole will spend on arms something like $2 trillions, or approximately $1,000 per head of the world's population. All that, merely to stay where we are, politically!

My impression was that most of the Western scientists at Pugwash thought that the transition to the "Fort Knox" strategy would prove a likely avenue by which at least some escape from this appalling waste could be achieved. Some of the Russians were perhaps more skeptical, but they agreed that the possibilities were worth careful investigation.

VERY FEW THOUGHTFUL observers to whom I have spoken—and these include the scientists at Pugwash—believe that either the United States or the Soviet Union would deliberately start a nuclear war. The great danger, it would appear, lies in the technological accident and, even more, in the small war which might suck in the larger powers.

The dangers implicit in the small war are indeed very great, and I have heard of no satisfactory plan for obviating them. Yet surely it would be pessimistic to think that solutions cannot be found even to this problem. The whole question of peace surely is deserving of the attention of man's best intellects. At Pugwash, it was suggested that there be created an international Planning Office for Peace. It was pointed out that military planning staffs of various countries work out in great detail possible plans of attack and defense in relation to their own countries. The techniques developed, including the use of computing machines to study "war games," are prodigious examples of ingenuity. It would be perfectly possible for a "peace office," in similar fashion, to investigate the practicability of any given world-security system. It would certainly be worth-while to have such studies made, and it should not be too difficult to organize the machinery for doing so,

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perhaps through the United Nations.

The setting up, in addition, of something like a U. N. Arms Information and Research Organization is not quite as Utopian a project as it might seem at first glance. At present, the military intelligence establishments of various countries gather information about the magnitude and kind of forces available to their potential enemies. But a great deal of information of this kind is publicly available, as in *Jane's Fighting Ships* and *All the World's Aircraft*. Surely the collection of such information should not be left to private enterprise, but should be made a public responsibility. In any case, we are moving into an era when it will be an advantage to both sides to exchange technological information (as, for instance, on the development of the "clean" bomb).

I REVERT TO Pugwash for a final point. Eastern and Western delegates alike agreed that the urgent problem confronting the world is not one of spreading capitalism or communism, but simply of preventing the major protagonists from disappearing from the face of the earth. It seemed to be rather strongly felt by most of those present that, at least for the next ten or fifteen years, the common interests of the two sides in self-preservation was greater than their ideological rivalry.

Time, then—at least the decade ahead of us—is on the side of peace. The problem is to exploit the opportunity given us.

TREASON in BLACK and WHITE.. *by Anthony Sampson*

London

ON AUGUST 1, the trial was opened in Pretoria, South Africa, of ninety-two people accused of high treason or, alternatively, of communism. A curious mixture of people was assembled in the courtroom—mostly Africans, ranging from a professor to lorry-drivers, but with a sprinkling of Indians and a handful of radical Europeans—to face the charge for which they could hang. The case is a crucial one not only for them, but for the whole continent. For what is on trial, as one of the defense counsel has said, is not only individuals: it is a "battle of ideas" between the idea of white supremacy and *apartheid* on the one hand, and the idea of the equality of man on the other. Neither the prosecution nor the defense has made any bones about the political character of the trial. The chief of the prosecution is a veteran nationalist and a former avowed admirer of Hitler, Dr. Oswald Pirow, Q.C., while among the defense team are men who have for years been involved in radical campaigns against white supremacy.

It is not a new story, but it serves as a sharp climax to an old one; and whatever the outcome of the proceedings, it seems likely that they will be regarded by future historians as the final parting of the ways between the two sections of the South African population: the three million white people who rule it, and the nine million black people who are ruled. For the Africans who are being arraigned for treason are not simply a radical or revolutionary wing of cranks or crusaders; that is one of the odd things about these trials. They are a reasonable cross-section of the African population of South Africa, including conservatives, liberals, racialists, "Uncle Toms," Communists and die-hard nationalists. It could hardly have been made more clear that it was the African people, not merely the defendants, who were on trial.

WHAT, THEN, are the trials about? They have an odd and Kafka-esque history. It is now almost two years since, on December 4, 1956, 156 people of all races were arrested at dawn, imprisoned and charged with high treason. South Africans and others can be forgiven if, in the subsequent months, the word "treason" lost some of its original edge: the preliminary hearings alone of this astonishing case occupied the best part of a year and three million words of typescript, and they constituted the longest, most eccentric, most boring but most vital trial in the history of the entire African continent.

It is not easy to convey the bizarre, yet monotonous character of those months of preliminary hearings. At the beginning, it seemed to be quite clear what the proceedings were about: the 156 people were charged with attempting to overthrow the state by violent means — mainly, it seemed, on the evidence of a meeting, called the Congress of the People, they had organized some two years earlier near Johannesburg, at which they had drawn up a rambling document bearing the title, the Freedom Charter. This was a kind of warmed-up declaration of human rights, full of pious sentiments and with only tinges of Socialist doctrine. The case seemed straightforward, but as the prosecution rambled on through the year, producing pamphlets, speeches, flags, notice-boards, collecting-boxes, a Chinese dressing-gown and a notice saying, "Soup Without Meat," it became all too clear that the trial was becoming a showcase for everything and anything the police had collected in the last few years.

The 156, sitting in the barn-like improvised courtroom day after day, saw themselves gradually being smothered in a heap of irrelevant documents. When, after a year, the prosecution started producing incidents which had occurred at the beginning of the hearings as part of the evidence, it looked as if, with the prosecution eating its own tail, so to speak, the proceedings would never end. But end they did,

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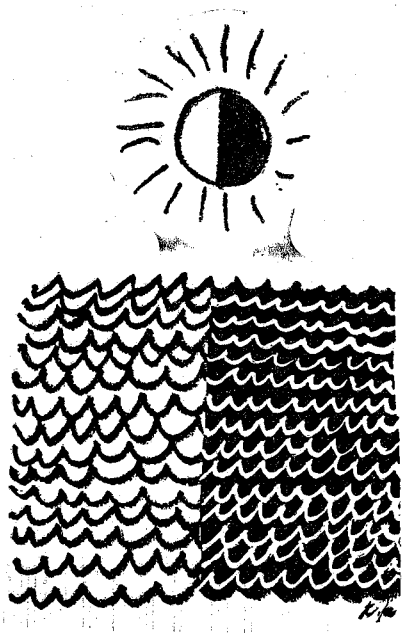
early this year. The court adjourned, sixty-four people were dismissed with no charge to answer, and now, after six months' sifting of the three million words, the prosecution has begun the trial proper.

WHAT HAS LAIN behind these fumbling proceedings is anybody's guess; but it seems likely that what happened was roughly this:

The South African Government, which consists almost entirely of race-proud Calvinist Afrikaners, dedicated to the principle of white rule, decided that it was time they taught a lesson to the African opposition, which centered in the wobbly, rather shapeless body called the African National Congress. It seems likely that the Afrikaners suffered from hallucinations as to the extent of the African opposition; it may be that they genuinely thought that the congress was on the verge of organizing a national revolution. If so, they were wrong, for the congress is a cautious and largely ineffectual affair. But the police amassed a great deal of evidence about it which they thought might be treasonable—and, at a suitable time of year, when crusades aaginst communism were fashionable, they pounced.

But, having scooped up the potential traitors, everything seemed to go wrong. The evidence didn't fit, the detectives couldn't read, the wrong witnesses were produced and —worst of all—much of the evidence seemed to indicate that the congress was insistent on the principle of non-violence—whereas a necessary part of treason is the proof of violence. So new evidence was searched for and found, evidence of murders, arson and riots; violence certainly, but unconnected with the congress. This is the rubble from which the prosecution must now produce their case.

But that is not to say that the case will fail. Even if there is no proof of violence—and there is nearly always a backwash of violence in any such movement—there is always the alternative charge of communism. Communism in South Africa, by virtue of the Suppression of Communism Act of 1950, is something very special: a Communist is



therein defined, among other things, as anyone who attempts to bring about a political, social or economic change in the country. A Communist, in fact, is anyone who believes in racial equality, and of that heresy all the accused may be found guilty; some of them, indeed, had already once been convicted of it when they organized a passive resistance campaign in 1952. A second conviction would earn them a long prison sentence.

WHAT ARE the real issues behind these melodramatic charges, this double talk and legal paraphernalia? The state of South Africa is both better and worse than the trials would make out. Certainly there is no such dramatic conspiracy as the Government has evidently suspected, and it will be many years before the African opposition will be in a position to overthrow the state, even if it wished to.

For the African front in South Africa is the weakest and most divided of all the movements in the continent. The reason is not difficult to find. South Africa has a far higher proportion of whites to blacks (one to four) than any other territory in Africa, and whites dominate the lives of Africans in a way that they cannot do further North, where whites are few and far between. Africans in South Africa have been Westernized, urbanized, detribalized, until many of them have the same ideas and ambitions as any white worker. It is herein that their tragedy lies; having been uprooted by the whites, they now, by the policy of *apartheid*, are told to return to their people, follow their own culture and, in the classic South African phrase, "develop along their own lines."

But they have no lines; their own they have discarded, and the white lines are shut to them. Hence their confusion and hence, for the time being, their political weakness. They are the most sophisticated and Western-minded of all Africans in the continent; but they have none of the political confidence that comes from a national heritage, from tribal gods or warrior ancestors. The Africans who now sit in the dock facing the charge of treason are men who have clamored to be admitted into the Western world; it is only in the last few years, when the gates of *apartheid* have been shut on them, that they have turned sadly to political organization.

The weakness of that organization was shown only a few months ago when, before the general elections at which white South Africans went to the polls, the African Congress decided to stage mass strikes and protests to remind the white voters that the other three-quarters of the population still existed. In part, they achieved their aim, for at the first wind of strikes, the European press panicked, showering the congress with restraining advice. But the strike failed, and the congress was split into factions; the prize of African unity, against the forces of divide and rule, had once more slipped from them.

But in spite of these spectacular failures, the congress' strength is very quickly growing and in a sense it is a force much more dangerous than the treason trials make appear. For the nature of the African revolt, when it comes, will be nothing so simple and finite as a single conspiracy planned at an open-air meeting. The disaffection that is now spreading among Africans in the Union is something much deeper, and more effective, than treason. It is a loss of faith in the whole basis of the white men's civilization.

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Through the Blur of Pain

EXILE AND THE KINGDOM. By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 213 pp. $3.50.

W. S. Merwin

A LITERARY reputation is doubtless as partial, elusive and unreliable a thing as most other intimations of immortality; Albert Camus' reputation is a case in point. He has been the idol of at least two different cults at different times during the period — well under two decades — since he began to publish. In the years immediately following the war he was as loudly acclaimed as a figure in the Existentialist movement as he was for the originality and merit of his writing. More recently he has become, in certain quarters, something of a symbol; he is taken to represent individual integrity in the contemporary world with its encroachments of compromise and its vulgarity of spirit. In those circles his writings are treated as a text, ripe for exegesis but above criticism. When, in 1957, he won the Nobel Prize, he was one of the youngest recipients in the history of the award, and the body of his published work was far smaller than that of most previous winners. In the same year his book *The Fall* was a disappointment to many admirers, and at present a quantity of his former enthusiasts instantly exude scorn or labor their indifference at the mention of his name. Some of this is genuine antipathy, and some of it is very well taken. And some of it, just as surely, is based on nothing more to the point than the fact that the present detractors were flushed disciples ten years ago.

It's easy to insist that all this is irrelevant to an evaluation of Camus' writing, and in a sense it obviously is. But at least it should be admitted that where there has been as much fuss as there has been about Camus, you are likely to be aware of it whether you like it or not, when you open a new book by the writer. How awkward, very possibly, for the writer—unless the book is a startling triumph, at least as remarkable as the writer's best previous books, which *Exile and the Kingdom* on the whole, is not. It is a collection of stories, and a very uneven one. The first of them, "The Adulteress," depends for its success on a rhetorical "mystical" passage in the writing and characterization, which I find forced, unconvincing and doubly aggravating because the evocations of physical and spiritual landscape leading up to it are brilliant and telling. The story entitled "The Mutes" seems, in the end, to be without a center because the main character is only vaguely realized. The long ironic parable-story, "Jonas," is arid and two-dimensional as a story, diffuse and opaque as a parable. And the final piece, "The Growing Stone," filled with powerful writing and brilliant scenes, is hardly more successful than the first, and for much the same reason: the "mythical" conclusion seems to lack a dimension — a lack which the story had not suffered from up until then.

HAVING written this much in disparagement of four out of the six stories in *Exile and the Kingdom,* I must say at once that the unevenness of the collection is not shameful or surprising. This is not a cautious book; in it Camus has attempted a number of things which he never tried before. No two of these pieces are really of the same kind: the form, the approach to an imagined reality, differ in each. For example, in contrast to the parable-story I mentioned, there is "The Renegade," a monologue by a tongueless madman which is as idiosyncratic as a novel by Beckett, and to my mind one of the two finest stories in the book. The other is "The Host," which has much of the air of a straight naturalistic story.

What keeps it from being that is the same thing that keeps *The Stranger* from being a straight naturalistic novel; it is a matter of vision more than of organization: the action seems to be set both in the plain world and in a hallucination—circumstantial, eminently recognizable, and inescapable, but a hallucination even so. Camus' stories are haunted by an incomprehensible necessity, deliberately cruel, alien to the characters, using their own strength to fetch them painful defeats. Even in a relatively subdued, apparently straightforward narrative like "The Host," you know from the beginning that you are in a world where this is so. In an empty schoolhouse, in the remote uplands of North Africa, the schoolteacher, a youngish man who feels exiled anywhere except near the desert, is standing at a window watching two men, one mounted and the other on foot, climb toward him through an unexpected snowfall. A gendarme from a settlement at some distance is bringing him an Arab, a murderer: because of unrest in the district and a shortage of police, it has been ordered that the Arab is to be left with the teacher, who is to take him, on the following day, to the authorities at a larger village further on. The teacher feels himself caught between a number of responsibilities and aversions: he is repelled by the idea of taking a bound prisoner to prison, and equally disgusted by the man's crime. He releases the prisoner from his manacles, when alone with him, and makes no attempt to keep him nor to defend himself; he finds that, as a result, he has won the Arab's esteem. In the end he takes the Arab out onto the upland, shows him the path to the village and the authorities, and the other path toward safety and freedom, and leaves him. The Arab, it turns out, has understood the teacher's dilemma, and when the teacher looks back he is heading toward the authorities. But when the teacher gets back to the school he finds a message from the Arab's kin, threatening him for turning their relative over to the police. The situation seems like a feverish mirage — yet one from which there is no escape. And looking back, you realize that you knew it was going to be like this, at the beginning, watching the two men laboring up the hill through the unwelcome snow.

"The Renegade" is a far wilder story, on the face of it. It is cast in the form of a first-person narrative: a missionary to the natives of a remote fortified mountain city built of salt has been tortured and had his tongue torn out; he has renounced his religion and embraced that of his captors; now he has eluded them and is trying to sort out his tangled mind while he waits to ambush and kill some other Europeans who are expected. The heart of the story is the reversal of faith, the tormented conversion, and the blossoming of a masochistic nihilism in the central character. But are these actual natives, or shapes in a nightmare? Did these events really happen to the narrator, or are they the figments of a violent delusion? It is part

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of Camus' purpose that the question remain unanswerable. And again, either way, the situation is inescapable.

These two stories are central to the rest of Camus' writing; they shed light on his other books, especially *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, for they seem to be relatively direct revelations of Camus' vision. He is dominated by a sense of enormity; suffering and indignity are crucial to his theme, and many of his sharpest figures are seen through a blur of pain. It is no accident that one of the most vivid and memorable images of Camus' work is that of the hero's sweat-blinded eyes, on the beach, before the killing, in *The Stranger*. And it is not surprising that among his acknowledged masters are Kafka and Nietzsche.

With two exceptions these stories are set in North Africa, a place wonderfully suited to Camus' theme. He was brought up there, and the landscape in his hands takes on the translucent quality of places known in childhood and youth and long since left. But he certainly has not softened it. Even in the less successful stories which are set there he manages to give the place and the events that happen in it the air of a disturbing legend. His ability to do this is in itself exciting. And the two stories I have outlined invite comparison with Camus' best work, which is high comparison indeed.

'False Wentletrap! Avaunt'

MIRRORS AND WINDOWS: POEMS. By Howard Nemerov. The University of Chicago Press. 102 pp. $2.75.

M. L. Rosenthal

. . . . in a world
where even the Memnon stones were carved in soap
one might at any rate wash with the soap.
("A Day on the Big Branch")

"THOU granulated thing," says a female mollusk to a male one in a Nemerov poem—"I deprecate on thee." This crushing rejection occurs in a dialogue between a certain Wentletrap and his Elysia in "Drama":

—Ah, green Elysia
Scuttled at last into the western sea,
Thou crownéd, fragile sea-nymph, slender bodied,
Thy lobes and processes have trancéd me,
My lust begins to rule.
—False Wentletrap!
Avaunt. . . .

The poem ends with the lover's destruction by the female, in a thorough burlesque of the heroic tradition and its modern inversions.

—Elysia,
Upon thy cruel tentacles I die.

Nemerov, the best and wittiest younger poetic spokesman of the American liberal intelligence, is mainly just having fun here. Nevertheless, the poem tells us a good deal about what has happened to the Romantic and melioristic view. In its own way it is a memo on the subject of despair; beautiful Elysia will devour us at last, but the poem is written in joy and with the implication that the wooing, and the dreams and language that go with it, is worth that foreknown disaster. The name Elysia itself, though comically used, supports this suggestion. The dream of Elysian perfection destroys the dreamer, yet without it neither art nor social existence seems quite worth the effort.

Not to belabor so delightful a poem, this is an old Romantic theme. Modern poets, Yeats especially, have modified it by questioning the desirability of ideals that so torment and frustrate us. Yeats gives the problem a variety of shock treatment, and produces a new emphasis on common experience as both the source and the referent of every vision of the ideal. But for all that, he leaves a place for Mlle. Elysia. Though Nemerov is well within the Yeatsian frame of thought, his idiom is more relaxed and contemporaneous, as is his general habit of thought, and his political directions are more in harmony with the main liberal-radical drift. There they stand, the thoughtful people of good will, dreaming of peace and kindness and education and progress, while their hair stands bolt upright at the horror — moral and metaphysical as well as political — all around. Nemerov wishes to report the horror frankly. He also wishes to put the case for possibility, at least by implication. In "The Murder of William Remington," for example, he diminishes the shock by using the subjunctive rather than the indicative mood to describe the "terror in each man's thought" today:

Frightened lest senate house and prison wall
Be quarried of one stone, lest
righteous and high
Look faintly smiling down and seem to call
A crime the welcome chance of liberty,
And any man an outlaw who aggrieves
The patriotism of a pair of thieves.

Something in this minimal idealism that causes the poet to say "lest senate house and prison wall/Be" instead of "*because* senate house and prison wall/*Are*" reminds me of Thomas Hardy's wistful brooding over the happy song of his "darkling thrush" at century's end, or over the oxen that just *might* be kneeling—though one dare not go look because of course they aren't—on Christmas Eve. In the Remington poem the wistful subjunctive is a liberal's prayer that the harshness of political reality, and the realities of human nature behind it, will prove to be significantly less than the whole picture. In another poem the sight of storm-windows lying on the grass in the rain suggests a lost meaning—

something of
A swaying clarity which blindly echoes
This lonely afternoon of memories
And missed desires. . . .
("Storm Windows")

"Unspeakable," the poet exclaims, "this distance in the mind!" The rain falling on the windows and the grass crushed beneath them are seen in a momentary frame that gives the whole thing the illusion of having a point—though what is really being seen in the frame is essential chaos.

"Storm Windows," a work of pure and vivid beauty, surpasses all but a few of Hardy's poems both through its craftsmanship and through its avoidance of easy ironies. Nemerov, we may say, reduces the necessary liberal dependence on near-sentimental wish to an almost invisible point. The equally brilliant "Lore" plays humorously yet passionately on a theme from *The White Goddess*:

Man walks, I learn, in fear of woman,
Possession of the constant moon;
Because the moon has strength to summon
Her blood to the full and ebb again,
And gives her strength beyond her own.

In this poem and in the "Moses" sequence (as in the overlong "Ahasuerus") the wish for meaning compels a return to sources of myth and ritual, and the powerful heritage of past faith and abandoned certainties plays over the

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skeptical present with stunning effect. Of course, we are not expected to *live* by the magical lore and example of the long ago. But there is no question that the modern liberal mind derives deep comfort from the demonstration that such a course was once possible, and that the old habits still carry certain meanings for us today. Similarly, we very much approve of primitive rituals that remain extant—Indian rain-dances and the like. We do not relish the idea of performing the dances ourselves. Naturally — they do not work, they smack of the compulsive, and we have no time for them. But we do like to think sadly that there were once Great Ages of Faith, and that the Hopis are Engaged—Committed—etc. The liberal mind does not like the fact that T. S. Eliot has tried to use this kind of knowledge to assert the literal truth of religious faith. It is ironically aware of the awkwardness of its position, but it does feel there are values more important as suggestions of possibility than as revealed truths. The crucial matter of not "losing nerve" is involved in these considerations.

THE GREAT thing about Nemerov is his large poetic grasp of these matters, the way he feels along into and through them. In a good poet a fine mind is one of God's greatest blessings, if he does not let it get in the way of his emotional realizations. "A Day on the Big Branch" seems to me an instance of unusually happy convergence of a poet's thought and his feelings; it develops Nemerov's minimal idealism in a richly ingenious fashion, and with the sharp-witted ease which makes him an effective satirist. After a night of cards and drinking, a group of friends — one ventures to guess they are college teachers, some of them writers also — drive up to a "stream in the high hills" with some wry hope of "purging" themselves through communion with nature *à la* Thoreau and Rousseau, with touches of Dante. They are full of a facetious self-disgust, and they distrust this primitivistic enterprise. But they *do* go to the Big Branch, and after a fashion they *are* purged. It is true that on the way back they see bridges that have been smashed by the flooded river in its "indifferent rage" and that the sight quiets them down. But they have had their moment, not entirely factitious, of the rebirth of "truth and poetry in us," and it has to some extent inoculated them against the more extreme effects of insight into the world's emptiness.

By certain of his images and observations in this poem, Nemerov makes it clear that he is not sure how well this kind of stubborn balancing of values would hold up against genuine catastrophe. He is far from the smugness of the protagonist in Chekhov's *Ward Number Six*, who lets his world go to hell through sheer inaction, attempts to teach a paranoid patient to be "philosophical," and discovers at last what it is to be one of the truly "insulted and injured." It is true that the characters of "A Day on the Big Branch" are able to count on some comfortable certainties, and can *choose* whether to indulge themselves or not, but they are also aware of the dangers implicit in their sort of life, and can question its ultimate relevance.

It is a Western kind of awareness, and particularly, nowadays, an American one. Perhaps poems like "The Mirror" and "The Town Dump" best imply its sense of its own limitations. The former of these opens the volume with a heavily depressed view of the "silence" and "duplicities" of the mirror-world of the self seen in the "leaden glass." I think of Hart Crane's "Legend," with its bleak beginning:

> As silent as a mirror is believed
> Realities plunge in silence by. . . .

The second poem finds in a town dump a savage image of the city and its life. It is a nightmarish world of rotting and discarded things, a hell of scavengers, animal and human, "guarded by the flies," those "ancient black retainers." Such poems betray a terrible vulnerability to the reminder of death, the great disaster against which the secular sensibility has no weapon but courage. Yet there is a saving irony in the image of those wild birds which, like poets, are "drawn to the carrion and the flies" and

> Assemble in some numbers here, their wings
> Shining with light, their flight enviably free,
> Their music marvelous, though sad, and strange.

The "answer" implied by all this is that the crucial issues will never be entirely resolved. We have devices for renewing our energy and forcing patterned significance out of existence — chiefly, the devices of art. So long as we maintain a degree of resilience they will work. "Order," as Nemerov says in his subtle poem, "Orphic Scenario," is inevitably "fused of . . . refuse." And "Eternity," he says (echoing Yeats), "lusts after the productions of time." No poem in this volume is more powerfully original than "Brainstorm," a perfect embodiment of the realization that the subjective life cannot finally be distinguished from the "real" life of the world around us or from the mind's projections of the ideal. Nevertheless, we seek a perfectable identity; we envision desired shapes in the chaos all about and within, and though the illusions cry "False Wentletrap! Avaunt" and seduce us to our own immolition, there is no other program that we could or would choose. That, I think, is Mr. Nemerov's "message."

The Screw Turns on Mr. James

HENRY JAMES AND H. G. WELLS. Edited and introduced by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray. University of Illinois Press. 272 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

EVERYBODY knows the famous remark by Wells: "It [any novel by James] is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string. . . ." It has been quoted by every high-toned critic in three languages. If it doesn't appear at least once in four numbers in any of our literary quarterlies, I am sure they would penitently refund your subscription. It is supposed to show what an awful boor Wells was, what a dreadful *Socialist*. It does nothing of the sort. In the context of Wells's satire, *Boon*, it is pretty good literary criticism.

My mother used to say, "A snob is a person who imitates the manners of the class above him." Characteristic of the snob is social ignorance and insecurity. Undoubtedly the editors of this collection, by publishing all the James-Wells correspondence, and all their critical mentions of each other, intend to show how high-class James was, and how low-class Wells. I am afraid they demonstrate quite the opposite. Wells was pretty much a man of the world, at home in the world at all social levels, with a keen eye for the follies and pretenses of foolish and pretentious people of all classes. He wrote about his own work with misleading modesty and with

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a craftsman's natural instinct to keep his trade secrets from the public. He wrote about other writers with insight and humor. Eventually, in his correspondence with James, he was forced, by James's hauteur and lengthy elementary lectures on the craft of fiction, from humor to badinage, and finally, to just plain pulling the pompous old man's leg. He has the insouciance and arrogance of what used to be called a natural-born gentleman. James is always pretentious, literary and high-toned. It never occurs to him that this is the way literary people talk to the customers and that it is bad manners to hand such stuff out to one's colleagues. In other words, he believes implicitly in the mask of literary society, as well as what the newspapers call Society with a capital letter, and he acts accordingly, in private, with a presumed peer. In other words, he is a snob.

A LOT OF tosh has been written about Wells as a "social" novelist, always trying to reform the world via preachy fiction. You would think he was a sort of Upton Sinclair at his worst or a bad "proletarian" novelist. It must be quite a shock for an innocent person, with an honestly empirical approach, to sit down and read his fiction from *The Time Machine* to *The Research Magnificent*, admittedly his best period. His novels are not social novels at all. True, they reflect the society of their time; Ann Veronica, for instance, is a feminist. But *Tono Bungay* is no more "about" the evils of patent medicines than *Crime and Punishment* is "about" Russian detective methods. All the major Wells novels have exactly the same subject as those of a person no one would dream of connecting with him—D. H. Lawrence; they are about matrimony, about the mysteries and difficulties and agonies and tragedies and—rarely—the joys of the search for a true "life of dialogue." His characters seek constantly and painfully to realize each other as total persons, and they usually pitifully fail. It is only too true that the Social Lie is precisely the conspiracy of organized society to prevent precisely this, and so there is always implicit a running criticism and sometimes a specific criticism of the frauds by which men live. Wells says depreciatingly that his people are seldom realized. This is false modesty. They are not constructed, as artistic artifacts. They struggle to realize each other, and so, in their success or failure, realize themselves so poignantly for the reader.

There is a sort of Reform Club myth about the sort of man and writer H. G. Wells was. Read him and see. He wasn't like that at all. I will let you in on a secret. This myth was constructed to teach him his place, to put him down. He was guilty of two unforgivable British sins. He was a shameless, not Socialist alone, but *republican*. He several times printed very insulting comments, not about Royalty in the abstract, but about specific members of The Family in person. Almost as bad, he openly cohabited with members of the opposite sex without benefit of clerk or clergy. Furthermore, they were women one might, at any moment, meet socially. It is quite correct to keep a housemaid in Herts or retire one's favorite tart to Twickenham. It is almost *de riguer*, like the tightly rolled umbrella and the bowler, in precisely the circles that snubbed Wells and made up the myth of the propaganda novelist and upstart son of a servant girl. It must have been excruciatingly embarrassing to his very British colleagues when he took seriously the preachments of two centuries of advanced thought and lived openly out of wedlock in a flat in Hampstead with, of all things, another, lady, writer. And after that scandal, he went right on doing the same thing until he was an aged man, over and over again. In other words, he behaved much like some arrogant aristocrat whose pedigree went back before the War of Roses and who had nothing but contempt for the frauds with which the hoi polloi hide their naked shames. Parenthetically, this is exactly the same reason why Ford Madox Ford was practically driven out of England—and one of the leading persecutors of Ford was Henry James. James, always the perfect gentleman, concentrated his venom on Ford's mistress; he was physically afraid of Ford himself.

ALL THE nonsense which Wells viewed with the amused contempt which comes from assured social and artistic position and integrity, James took utterly seriously. In fact, it is this nonsense which he made the major subject of his novels, and which, to "the well brought up person" who knows his way around, gives them their pathos. The people in his novels behave the way the Upper Classes tell the Lower Classes they behave. But nobody has ever behaved this way, which is why there are no real people in James's novels. There can be no realization of each other, no life of dialogue, no realization of the individual character, if characters are nothing but cut-outs from the Society Page of a third-rate newspaper. It is for this reason that James, in these letters and articles, describes the craft of fiction somewhat as Ben Jonson, in his theory of "humors," described his plays. Fortunately, he did not write them that way. People are not moral types, they are people, and novels, at least the best ones, are about people. But for James, the Boston Brahmin, the American Millionaire and the British Aristocracy were not just types, they were archetypes. Because, alas, poor James was a provincial snob.

The best thing in the book is a hilarious tale in the introduction about how William James, on a visit to his brother, tried to peek over the garden wall and catch a glimpse of the next-door neighbor, G. K. Chesterton. Poor Henry was prostrated with terror at his very aristocratic brother's nonchalance. He behaved exactly like an over-refined hypersensitive Edwardian housemaid. Wells and William James belong to the literary world of Huckleberry Finn or Don Quixote; Henry James, it must be admitted, was only a Ouida in a frock coat.

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WHEN IS TRUTH?

The Eisenhower Doctrine [is] likely to produce results the very opposite of those intended.
—*Geoffrey Barraclough,* The Nation, *Feb. 8, 1957*

We are back again to the strange alliance of Nuri-es-Said, the Shah of Iran and King Saud. It is not a combination which . . . has the appearance of a sound basis for policy. . . . Russia's best chance is to profit by Western blunders [which] the State Department is in the process of committing. . . .
—*Geoffrey Barraclough,* The Nation, *March 2, 1957*

Any regime that came to power in Iraq . . . on a program which stressed "nationalization [of oil]" would be promptly tagged as Communist-dominated. . . .
—*Editorial,* The Nation, *May 16, 1957*

According to *The New York Times* of July 14, the State Department was "taken completely by surprise by the Iraqi coup." Readers of *The Nation* weren't. This is because writers for *The Nation* call their shots not only with perspicacity, but — just as important — with courage. They go where truth is — even when, as so often happens, it rests among the thorns.

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LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH. By Willard Motley. Random House. 467 pp. $4.95.

Nelson Algren

THE American drug addict is a man or woman with marks on his arm and almost no rights at all. You can shake him down on the open street, come into his house without a warrant, send him to trial without a lawyer, change the charge against him without telling him, or send him to prison on another addict's testimony. You can do what you want with him.

Thousands of persons in legitimate pursuits are sustained, by the addict's suffering, in an ever-widening circle of corruption. Cabmen, doctors, pharmacists, bellboys, bartenders, bondsmen and bailiffs are riding the recession on that corrupt, deductible buck. So though we pass laws of increasing severity against peddlers, it is always to the tune of Jimmy Durante's lyric, "sometimes I feel like I wanta go, then again I feel like I wanta stay." In a time when our economy is troubled, the traffic in drugs is more stabilizing to the underworld than the price of steel in legal commerce, more reliable than the Rock Island Railroad. Which, as everyone knows, is a good old road.

Let No Man Write My Epitaph, by Willard Motley, is a perfectly passionless account of two heroin-heads, mother and son, trapped in the traffic on Chicago's West Side. It is a sequel to the same author's *Knock on Any Door,* a best-seller of some years back. The quality of pity, however, which distinguished the earlier novel has turned, in this one, to a syrup that pours too slowly.

This novel was plucked, not from those corners where the traffic is plied, but off the national paperback clothesline as it stretches, drug store to drug store, coast to coast. Its reading is impeded by the author's habit of building flashback behind flashback; as well as by a habit of setting the reader up with the warning—"Catch!"—and then ducking behind the backstop to look for the ball. Mr. Motley spends most of this one looking for the ball.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

LETTER from VIENNA

Frank J. Warnke

IT IS not surprising that this self-proclaimed city of dreams should nourish itself on theatre, that most concrete and persistent of all dreams. From the endless blocks of shabby nineteenth-century houses—Washington Heights expanded to infinity—the visitor comes to the *Ring,* the artery of pompous monumental Vienna, and with it to the great temples of dream, the *Staatsoper* and the *Burgtheater,* into which most of the city's rebuilding energy has been poured.

The sociologist might be made indignant by this enormous cultural expenditure on the part of a tragically poor country — the Vienna State Opera receives the largest government subsidy in Europe. It would be indignation misspent. For one thing, all of Vienna's cultural expenditures would be insufficient to solve the local housing shortage, much less to cure Austria's economic problems; for another, Vienna pours money and energy into theatre because the people demand it. The face of the city is partially defined by the weekly *Vorschau,* which from posters on every corner announces the offerings of the three state opera houses, the two state theatres, and some half-dozen independent groups. The state theatres, at their collective box office in the *Staatsoper* building, are usually sold out four days before any scheduled performance. Lavish state theatre is unquestionably the expression of a popular need.

The theatrical hunger of the Viennese is not limited to the universally popular—*La Traviata* packs them in, but so does *Siegfried,* or *Die Zauberflöte,* or Schiller or Grillparzer at the *Burg.* The one limitation of local taste—in surprising contrast to Berlin or Hamburg —is the contemporary: *Der Revisor,* Werner Egk's operatic version of Gogol's *Inspector-General,* which was poorly attended, although it preserves much of the wild comedy and uncomfortable

FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

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pathos of its source, and although Günther Rennert's direction, Rudolf Kempe's conducting, and a superbly coordinated cast combined to make it the most satisfying production of the current opera season.

Its excellence was, alas, exception rather than rule. Opera, the most potent myth in a city of myths, no longer matches the legendary days of Lehmann and Slezak, or those later days when the city, newly released from the nightmare of war and occupation, rejoiced in the most exciting group of young singers of recent times. This is not to say that one does not hear good singing by individuals at the *Staatsoper*; but something is very wrong in Vienna, and precisely in that area which tradition proclaims to be its strongest—ensemble excellence. A curious inconsistency of achievement now marks the great house on the *Ring*: many fine individual accomplishments, much mediocrity, and very seldom a unified work of dramatic art.

THE *Rosenkavalier* I saw will serve as well as anything else to epitomize these curious inconsistences. Hilde Zadek, never less than admirable, was a moving and musicianly Marschallin; Hertha Töpper, a guest from the Munich Opera, again impressed as one of the very best contemporary interpreters of Octavian; but Anneliese Rothenberger, with her sweet but light and soubrettish voice, was sadly miscast as Sophie. The last-act trio, which should have been memorable, never came into proper focus either dramatically or musically. And the stage direction, here as in so many of the current Vienna offerings, seemed to fragment the dramatic effect rather than to unify it. What is lacking, perhaps, is an overall intelligence, sitting out front at general rehearsal and making careful note of things that don't go together. Local wags recently fabricated a phonograph record in which the adventures of the new general manager are set to the tune of the "Largo al factotum"—"Karajan hier, Karajan da, Karajan oben, Karajan unten . . ."—and it is indeed possible that more personal attention from the accomplished world traveler who heads Vienna Opera might iron out its artistic kinks.

A TRIVIAL example will clarify the point. There were times in two months of opera-going when I was driven to conclude that Herr von Karajan is in the power of a mad wig-maker: when Erich Kunz (rather to my surprise) showed up as a smuggler in *Carmen*, he was sporting something that made him look remarkably like Harpo Marx; in *Don Giovanni* both Anna and Elvira appear in red wigs; in *Traviata* the same henna-fetish led to the spectacle of a red-haired Violetta (which Stich-Randall, however, sang beautifully) conversing with a red-haired Flora. *Schlamperei*, "sloppiness," is a word the self-mocking Viennese love to apply to themselves, but many of them feel that there is too much of it currently on display in the *Staatsoper*.

A deeper local criticism is that the present management is tending to create a predominantly guest house rather than an ensemble house, as in the great past, and it is true that a large number of the showpieces this season have displayed imported talent. The cold beauty of Birgit Nilsson's voice and style were shown off to advantage in *Turandot*, and another gifted Scandinavian, Aase Nordmo-Loevberg (who will make her New York debut next season), impressed me as the most agreeable *Tannhäuser* Elisabeth I have seen for many years. Coloratura Erika Köth and dramatic soprano Leonie Rysanek, among the brightest of ascending stars, are frequently heard in Vienna but their base is Munich. The obvious question is whether the use of guest artists in Vienna may not become necessity rather than a healthy expression of internationalism.

The last observation has the ring of a sinister prophecy, and it must be confessed that Vienna opera shows signs not only of weakness but of decline. The new productions — *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Zauberflöte*, *Traviata* — were, with the honorable exception of *Der Revisor*, among the dullest visually, the most uneven vocally. And, in general, the most satisfactory productions were the oldest; Pfitzner's *Palestrina* (which, after forty years as a German classic, ought soon to make its way to the world) was done with a brilliantly populated stage and with the great Julius Patzak, shortly before his sixtieth birthday, singing the title role. *Ariadne auf Naxos* returned with a near-classic cast — Lisa Della Casa and Hilde Gueden, both nicely in their parts as Ariadne and Zerbinetta, and Sena Jurinac, as the composer, prov-

Scenario

Each bird is glutted. The bell of each song turns
Too round in the throat, out over the mullein
Towers rolls and spends its note and breaks.
Fields lie enameled with light where nothing clicks.
Flower-stalk and grass-blade twitch in sullen
Wind bees have dreamt, floating past to burn.
Someone will pay for all this wealth! the jay
Begins to scream, and stops. The pond-wrack
Gathers froth, more majestically, it seems.
Whatever swarms out of the glare to fray
Itself on sight accentuates the black
Cloud, held like a shield before the sun, which aims
Slow shafts of rain against the luminous trees.
Then come enactments of the crash and blaze.

DAVID GALLER

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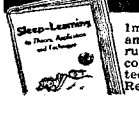

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PUZZLE SOLUTION (Cont.)

4 Ernest; 6 Thrones; 7 Ananias; 10 Amber; 11 Ramify; 16 Air out; 18 Stump; 19 Polarize; 20 Oriental; 21 Fall out; 22 Bestows; 25 Orwell; 27 Monad; 28 Loose.

ing once again that she is one of the most serenely perfect artists of this or any other time. One can only hope that her postponed New York debut will yet take place. Jurinac also presented the Vienna public with a *Butterfly* in which the too-familiar melodies took on a tone which one can describe, rather dumbfoundedly, only as heroic. In the same production a newly-arrived von Karajan proved that, whatever strictures may be leveled at him as a manager, he is one of the best opera conductors in the business.

THE KAISERSTADT complex, the persistent and frustrated sense of the glorious past, give Vienna its dominant tone, whether in the Spanish Riding School, where the ridiculously talented horses and their eighteenth-century riders go through their useless and glorious paces, or in the *Burgtheater,* where this year's repertory showed a curiously overt recognition of the Viennese dream of past glory. The postwar reconstruction of the beautifully proportioned building opposite the *Rathaus* was, I think, more of a triumph than the restoration of the *Staatsoper.* There is an absolute kind of opulence to its sweeping staircase, its red carpets, its mottled marble, an elegance that matches the genius of the city and provides an especially suitable frame for dreaming. *Ein Bruderzwist in Hapsburg*—"Fraternal Strife in the House of Hapsburg" — Grillparzer's early nineteenth-century hymn of praise to monarchy and political order, has had a marked success this season, and the capacity houses which have witnessed this tragic fable of political ambition are surely not made up exclusively of monarchists. It appeals, I suspect, to the same kind of rueful nostalgia as a modern play which has had a similar success this year—Franz Theodor Csokor's *November 3, 1918.* Csokor's play has its elements of prophecy as well as nostalgia, and no doubt many of the audience remember that its premiere took place, prophetically enough, in the fatal year 1938. As a drama, it has enough weaknesses to sink a dozen stages: in the last days of World War I, in a convalescent hospital in southern Austria, a group of officers conveniently patterned into one Hungarian, one Pole, one Czech, one Slovak, one Slovene, one Italian, one Viennese Jew and their commanding officer undergo the agonies of a disintegrating empire and, by extension, a disintegrating Europe. As they become aware of the end of a world, the brotherhood in arms which was only a symbol of the larger supranational potentiality of the old Austria-Hungary dissolves into a multitude of miniature private nationalisms. Only the Jewish doctor and the commanding officer—a professional soldier now become suddenly stateless—regret the passing. A mutinied Communist sailor providentially appears in Act II to complete the parable by saying appropriately diabolic things.

A weak play, but a curiously potent tract. The colonel's suicide, announced by an offstage pistol shot, is all too predictable, but his final speech—"I prophesy that no one shall know peace" —has, with Russian dominion now extending to Pressburg and Prague, an eerie ring.

In part, no doubt, Csokor's rather heavy-handed symbolism worked because it was being interpreted by one of the most consummately talented repertory theatres in the world. Whatever the mysterious thing lacking in the Vienna State Opera, it is superbly present in the *Burgtheater.* The group's capacities for modern drama are admirable, but it is most at home in the classics—a tense rendition of *Don Karlos* did justice to what is the most moving of Schiller's plays as well as the craziest, and in *Measure for Measure* the challenge of one of Shakespeare's most difficult works was met by the simple expedient of playing it straight. No modern dress, no tricks, no gimmicks; simply the play as written, which, not very surprisingly, turns out to be wonderfully effective. The staging, too, was fresh and inventive without resorting to anything, other than a revolving stage, that would surprise the Elizabethans.

Even here, in the most exciting of current Shakespeare productions, the *Burg* showed the rather elegiac self-awareness which typifies postwar Vienna. Shakespeare set *Measure for Measure,* rather perfunctorily, in Vienna —and populated it "with timeless Englishmen." The *Burgtheater* made the most of the setting and filled the stage with the bright Turkish turbans and swirling activity of sixteenth-century Vienna, including a clown who spoke in the broadest of Wiener accents. One sensed two simultaneous time-levels —the Shakespearean universal and the Viennese past—and both were appropriate. The complexity and perfection of the achievement epitomized the continuing greatness of this beat-up Athens where, despite all desperation and futility, man continues to magnify his own image.

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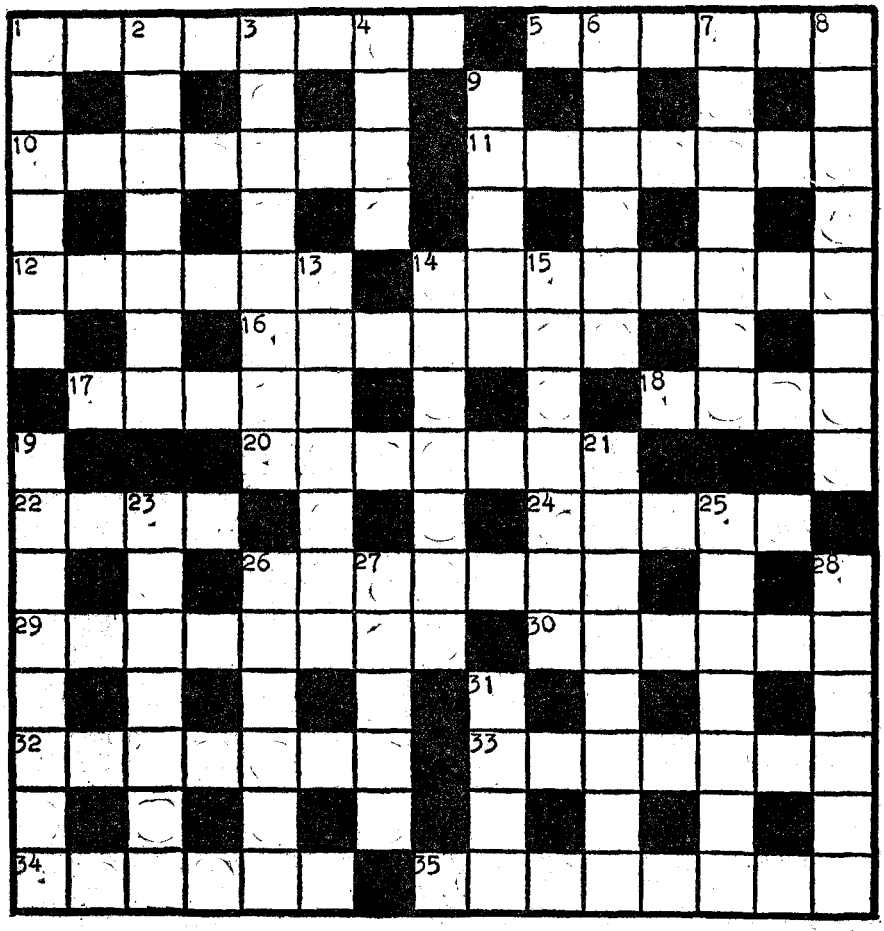
Crossword Puzzle No. 782

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Extolling the virtues of snakebite?
10 Left in smoke with that which might make a dame embarrassed!
11 Answers yes to a ringing question?
12 and 25 down What Kreisler might suggest is certainly not fresh air! (3, 3, 7)
14 Shot-put? (Not what man hath wrought!) (4, 4)
16 Made up in a mixture of honey, it certainly sounds good! (7)
18 Rose has to act in the alternative.
20 Big girls are sometimes baby this!
22 Paul called to them and Ernest said farewell to them. (4)
24 Banks that seem to make things come out even? (5)
26 Damped. (7)
29 Is one so different? (8)
30 One who doesn't make grannies jacket? (6)
32 Is this part of the ear puffed? (7)
33 I am surrounded by nature in the rough, and decay. (7)
34 With "right dress"? (6)
35 Mae's feature is at heart the basis for industrial revolution. (8)

DOWN:

1, 5 and 17 Does this involve a fair comparison with the subject of horror movies? (6, 3, 3, 5)
2 It's the way to attain one around where the comb might be broken.
3 Seems lit, perhaps, but not evanescent. (8)
4 This might stand out when done badly. (4)
6 This is a fine distinction! (6)
7 Pointed how to measure a radical?
8 Place where you have to get in — or else! (8)
9 China place-setting for the man from Lisbon? (5)
13 Did Nelson expect every man to be?
14 Is a pie supposed to? (Cold sufferers might!) (7)
15 When war-time money was short, was it this? (7)
19 A free style of music after the top is hot! (8)
21 Agreed with his sort, but of course it's not the most important part. (4, 4)
23 Does Byron's hero suggest a more common valet than Godfrey? (7)
26 They shouldn't treat you as Donald does! (6)
27 Self-proclaimed, to a degree, as being several feet. (5)
28 Elks attention and hash might be.
31 Is some a parallel construction to an extent? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 781

ACROSS: 1 Wide-eyed; 9 Enduring; 10 Aground; 12 Epoch; 13 Samoan; 14 Medal; 15 and 26 Indian summer; 17 Kepis; 22 Brute; 23 and 28 By your leave; 24 Cameo; 29 Flattop; 30 Hedonist; 32 Bluebell. DOWN: 1, 5, 31, 2 and 8 Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing; 3 Earth;

(*Continued on page 80*)

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